

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

MARCH
No. 8

HE'S NEW!... HE'S GREAT!...
HE'S PLASTIC MAN!



FIBERGLASS

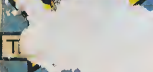
#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



PHANTOM LADY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

MARCH
No. 8

HE'S NEW!.. HE'S GREAT!....
HE'S PLASTIC MAN!



FIREBRAND



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



PHANTOM LADY



THE MOUTHPIECE



QUALITY COMIC GROUP

America's Greatest Comic Magazines



SMASH
COMICS

FEATURE
COMICS



CRACK
COMICS

HIT
COMICS

NATIONAL POLICE
COMICS

STORIES OF THE **ARMY AND NAVY**
MILITARY
COMICS

THE DOLL MAN
Quarterly



UNCLE SAM
Quarterly

Buy them each Month from your Regular Newsdealer

POLICE COMICS, March, 1942, No. 8. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 323 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second class matter May 5, 1941, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Mortbey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. R. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

The FIREBRAND

by Reed Crandall



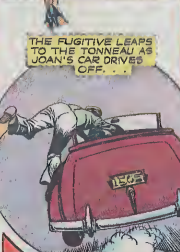
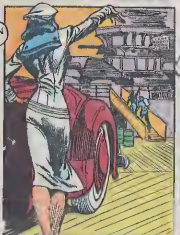
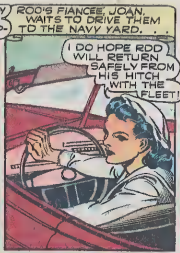
THE U.S. NAVY HAS NO IDEA THAT RESERVE OFFICER ROD REILLY IS THE FIREBRAND, BUT SLUGGER DUNN, ROD'S MANSERVANT AND SHIPMATE KNOWS ENSIGN REILLY'S DUAL ROLE AND FIGHTS SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIM TO PROTECT AMERICA'S LIFELINE IN THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC.

ROD AND SLUGGER ARE CALLED UP FOR DUTY.

REILLY AND DUNN, EH? OKAY BOYS, REPORT ABOARD THE DESTROYER RUSSELL AT ONCE!

I KNOW THE NAVY CAN DEPEND ON YOU BOYS... YOU HAVE BRILLIANT RECORDS. THE RUSSELL IS CONVOYING SHIPS TO BRITAIN!





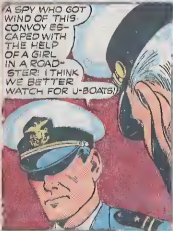
ROD AND SLUGGER'S SHIP JOIN A CONVOY WHICH STEAMS INTO THE ATLANTIC. . .



WHAT WAS THE BIG RUMPUS ON THE DOCK BEFORE WE PULLED OUT, CAPTAIN?



A SPY WHO GOT WIND OF THIS CONVOY ESCAPED WITH THE HELP OF A GIRL IN A ROAD-STER! I THINK WE BETTER WATCH FOR U-BOATS!



MEANWHILE, JOAN HAS BEEN MADE A PRISONER. . .



YAH, KAPITAN! THE CONVOY SAILED SEVERAL HOURS AGO WITH MANY SHIPS!



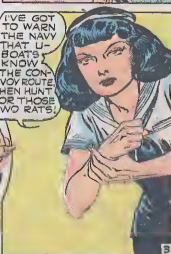
LET'S HAF SOME BEER, VE CAN TAKE CARE OF HER LATER!



THE HOT STEAM PIPE JOAN IS TIED TO BURNS THE ROPES HOLDING HER CAPTIVE.



I'VE GOT TO WARN THE NAVY THAT U-BOATS KNOW THE CONVOY ROUTE THEN HUNT FOR THOSE TWO RATS!



BUT THE U-BOATS ARE ALREADY AWARE OF THE CONVOY AND CLOSE IN LIKE A PACK OF WOLVES.



OUR FIRST VICTIM WILL BE THE DESTROYER TORPEDO, READY... FIRE!

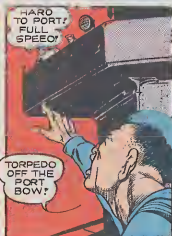


THE MISSILE OF DEATH IS SPOTTED BY ROD AND SLUGGER.



GREAT GUN, SLUGGER! IS THAT A TORPEDO?

IT AIN'T ORPHAN ANNIE!



HARD TO PORT! FULL SPEED!

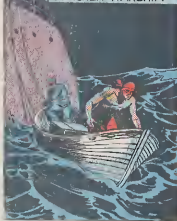
TORPEDO OFF THE PORT BOW!

AS THE TORPEDO HITS AMIDSHIPS...



COME ON, SLUGGER!

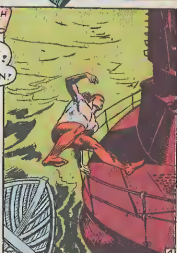
A SMALL DINGY IS DROPPED OVER THE SIDE OF THE STRICKEN WARSHIP.

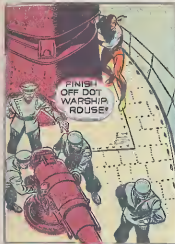


AND THEY CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE FIRST SUBMARINE TO RISE TO THE SURFACE.

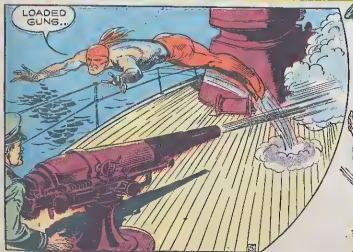
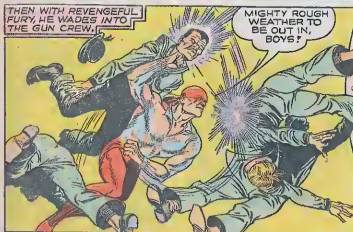


THEY'RE MANNING THE FORWARD GUN! SLIP UP TO THE STERN!





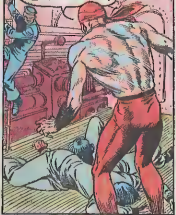
THEN WITH REVENGEFUL FURY, HE WADES INTO THE GUN CREW.



AFTER MOPPING UP EVERYONE ON DECK, FIREBRAND DROPS THROUGH THE CONNING TOWER.



WATCH THESE GUYS, SLUG! I WANT TO CALL THE ENGINE ROOM!



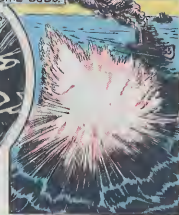
YOU'RE LOCKED IN DOWN THERE AND UNLESS YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS, I'LL SCUTTLE THE SHIP AND SINK IT!



THE ENGINE ROOM FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS TO SUBMERGE.



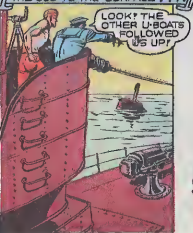
UP ABOVE, THE DESTROYERS ARE SPRAYING DEPTH BOMBS AT THE SUB.



WHILE THE SAILORS OF THE SUNKEN DESTROYER ARE SNATCHED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.



THE FIREBRAND FINALLY ORDERS THE SUB TO THE SURFACE...



THE BINOCULARS REVEAL STRANGE FACES COMMANDING THE NAZI FLAG SHIP...

SAY! OOT AIN'T COMMANDER HORST-AGGLE ON DER BRIDGE? QUICK! HOLO DOT SUB MIT GRAPPLING HOOKS!



THE GRAPPLING IRONS HOLD THE CAPTURED SUB SECURELY BOUND TO THE OTHER U-BOATS.



A NAZI COMMANDER, FOLLOWED BY A MOB OF SAILORS BOARDS THE SUB HELD BY FIREBRAND.

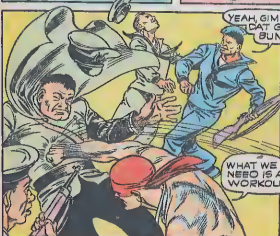


VOT ISS DIS??
SHPEAK UP!

SLUGGER, IS HE TRYING TO BULLY US?



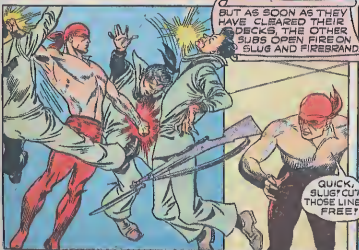
YEAH! DOSE AINT CASTANETS YOU HEAR, DEM ARE MY KNEES KNOCKING TOGETHER!



YEAH, GIMME CAT GUN, BUM!

CLEAR DE DECKS, YOU SWABS!

WHAT WE NEED IS A WORKOUT!



BUT AS SOON AS THEY HAVE CLEARED THEIR DECKS, THE OTHER SUBS OPEN FIRE ON SLUG AND FIREBRAND.

AMID A HAIL OF FIRE, SLUG RETRIEVES A BAYONET AND BEGINS SLASHING AT THE GRAPPLING LINES.

ALL CLEAR, BOSS.

QUICK, SLUG! CUT THOSE LINES FREE!



THE CAPTURED U-BOAT SIVES, ESCAPING FROM THE OTHER NAZI SUBS.



AND FIREBRAND SAILS TO A GERMAN SUBMARINE BASE.



HE OONS A NAZI OFFICER'S UNIFORM.



YE SUNK THE AMERICAN CONVOY BUT LOST OUR U-BOATS IN THE BATTLE!

BUT WHEN THEIR U-BOAT IS SAFELY ANCHORED . . . ROD AND SLUGGER BEGIN MOPPING UP AGAIN.



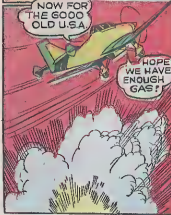
RUN TO THAT PLANE, SLUG!

OKAY!

WITH BULLETS WHISTLING ABOUT THEIR EARS, THEY DASH FOR AN AIRPLANE.



AND ESCAPE IN AN ENEMY BOMBER AFTER CUMPIING THEIR BOMBS ON THE NAZI BASE.



NOW FOR THE GOOO OLD U.S.A.

HOPE WE HAVE ENOUGH GAS!

AFTER MANY WEARY HOURS, THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR OWN AIR BASE.



HEY, SLUG! SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON DOWN THERE!

NAZI SPIES, INCLUDING JOAN'S CAPTORS HAVE CAPTURED THE AIR BASE.



BOMB DEM? DEY ARE AMERICANS!

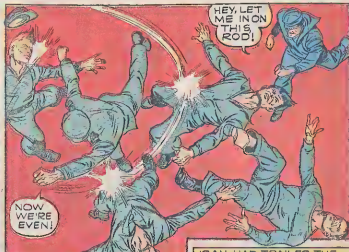
THE DEATH DEALING HAND GRENADES ARE CAUGHT BY ROO WHO TOSSES THEM AWAY.

THIS IS ONE KIND OF "PINEAPPLE" I DON'T LIKE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE A TWO OCEAN NAVY! ONE FOR ME AND ONE FOR YOU!

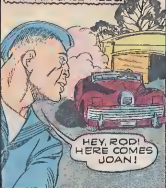
YEAH, AND THE ENEMY IS SUNK!



HEY, LET ME IN ON THIS ROD!

NOW WE'RE EVEN!

SUDDENLY A CAR WHEELS INTO THE AIR BASE FIELD.



HEY, ROD! HERE COMES JOAN!

JOAN HAD TRAILED THE TWO SABOTEURS WHO HELD HER PRISONER, TO THE AIRFIELD.

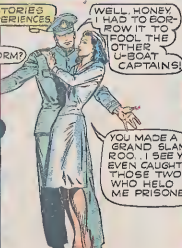


HELLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ROO AND JOAN EXCHANGE STORIES ABOUT THEIR THRILLING EXPERIENCES.



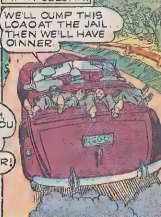
BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NAZI UNIFORM?



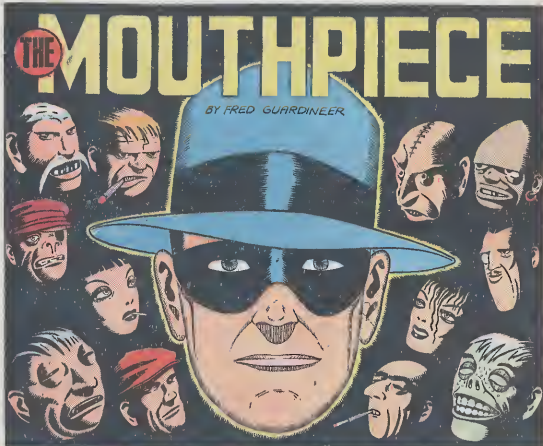
WELL, HONEY, I HAD TO BORROW IT TO FOOL THE OTHER U-BOAT CAPTAINS!

YOU MADE A GRAND SLAM, ROO. I SEE YOU EVEN CAUGHT THOSE TWO WHO HELD ME PRISONER!

AGAIN THE FIREBRAND AND HIS FRIENDS THWART THE FIFTH COLUMN.



WE'LL OUMP THIS LOOAT THE JAIL. THEN WE'LL HAVE DINNER.



BILL PERKINS, THE ALERT DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF THE BIG CITY, WHEN OUT AFTER FIRST HAND EVIDENCE AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD SECRETLY WEARS A BLACK MASK AND BRINGS TERROR TO THE SHADOWY FIGURES BEYOND THE LAW—TO THEM HE IS **THE MOUTHPIECE!**

OUT IN LONESOME HOLLOW STANDS THE BIG VAN DETH MANSION—HOME OF THE BRUTAL VAN DETH BROTHERS, MORBIDD AND SCUL.



OFTEN SUSPECTED BUT NEVER CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS, SCUL AND MORBIDD ARE BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR A RECENT SERIES OF ROBBERIES.



THE ONLY OTHER LIVING CREATURE ON THE BLEAK ESTATE IS SATAN, THE BIG, BLACK TOM CAT!!



INSIDE THEIR HOME, THE TWO BROTHERS SIT OVER A TABLE DIVIDING UP SOME MONEY.

FIFTY FOR YOU AND FIFTY FOR ME!

PRETTY GOOD FOR A CANDY STORE!

MROW!

IN THE BACK OF SCUL'S BRAIN THE GERM OF GREED SWELLS AND SWELLS.

WHY SHOULD MORBIDD HAVE ANY- IF I HAD IT ALL I COULD...

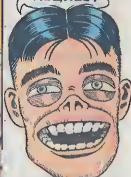
AS THE DESIRE FOR GOLD OVER COMES HIM, SCUL REACHES FOR HIS REVOLVER!



AND SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING MORBIDD.

SCUL BRINGS HIS REVOLVER BUTT DOWN HARD ON MORBIDD'S HEAD!

I KILLED HIM!
I KILLED HIM!
HA, HA, HO, HO,
HEE HEE!



QUICKLY SCUL CARRIES THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER INTO THE CELLAR.

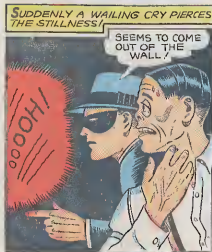
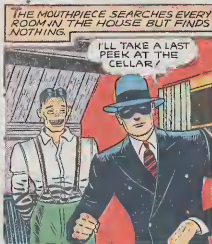
FEVERISHLY HE PULLS OUT SOME BRICKS FROM THE WALL AND REVEALS A SECRET CRYPT.

IN A FEW MINUTES THE HOLE IS SEALED UP AND ALL TRACES OF THE BLACK DEED ERASED.



I'LL STICK HIS BODY IN HERE - NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW - BUT I MUST HURRY

NOW I'LL GET THAT DOUGH!



AS THE WAILING CONTINUES SCUL'S FEAR HAUNTED BRAIN REACHES THE BREAKING POINT!



SCUL VAN DETH GOES RAVING MAD!

I DID IT - I KILLED HIM!
GAAAH! STOP THOSE
WAILINGS!



AIDED BY THE CONFESSING KILLER THE MOUTHPIECE QUICKLY LOCATES THE CRYPT.

SURE IS A WELL HIDDEN GRAVE!



OOOH!

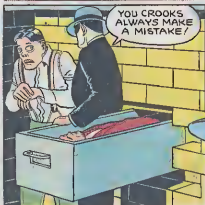
AS THE FIRST BRICK IS REMOVED THE SCARED BLACK CAT JUMPS OUT!

SO THAT'S WHAT
THE WAILING
WAS!



MROW!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE BODY OF MORBIDD IS BROUGHT OUT!



YOU CROOKS
ALWAYS MAKE
A MISTAKE!

YOU DIDN'T SEE THE
THE CAT JUMP IN-
SIDE THE CRYPT
WHEN YOU BRICKED
IT UP AND WHEN
THE CAT YELLED
FOR HELP YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS A
GHOST!



BUT SCUL MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM AND RACES FROM THE CELLAR.



THE MOUTHPIECE QUICKLY FOLLOWS THROUGH THE HOUSE.



YOU HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE,
SCUL!

THE CHASE CONTINUES TO THE ROOF.



HIDDEN BEHIND THE CHIMNEY, SCUL OPENS FIRE ON HIS PURSUER!



THE MOUTHPIECE DUCKS AND DRAWS HIS OWN GUN!



WHEN SCUL PEEKS AROUND FOR A SECOND MAN FIRES! THE MASKED MAN FIRES!



HIT SQUARELY BETWEEN THE EYES, SCUL ROLLS BACKWARDS.



AND FALLS OFF THE ROOF!



WHILE HE DESCENDS THE STAIRS THE MOUTHPIECE REMOVES HIS MASK.



AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS EXAMINES THE BODY OF SCUL.



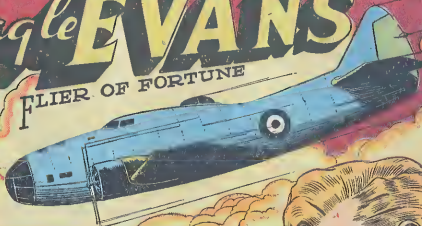
THIS IS THE DISMAL END OF THE VAN DETH BOYS AND THEY BROUGHT IT ON THEMSELVES - CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



Watch for The Mouthpiece in the next issue of POLICE COMICS.

Eagle EVANS

FLIER OF FORTUNE



THE DAREDEVIL AIR ADVENTURERS, EAGLE EVANS AND HIS CANOIO CAMERA PAL, SNAP SMITH NEVER LOOK FOR ANYTHING BUT TROUBLE AND INVARIABLY FIND PLENTY OF IT. . . .

BY
CLARK
WILLIAMS

EAGLE AND SNAP ARE BACK IN NEW YORK AFTER ODGING DEATH IN CHINA.

WHAT? NO OESBERT, EAGLE? I WANTED APPLE PIE?

WE NEED OUR LAST TWO DICES TO REACH FLOYD BENNETT FIELD.

SAY, BUD, I'M GOIN OUT THAT WAY, YOU GUYS CAN HOP MY TRUCK!

SWELL! THANKS!

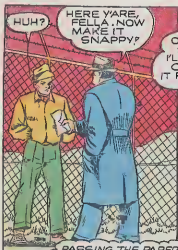
AS THE TRUCK ROARS ACROSS BROOKLYN, SNAP IS ALERT FOR INTERESTING SCENES.

I'LL GET A NIFTY ANGLE ON THOSE BLONDES IN THE ROADSTER. OH, TOO LATE, WE'RE AT THE FIELD!

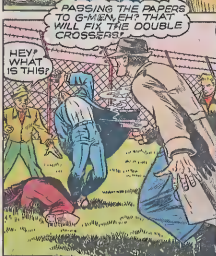
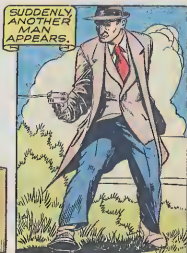
SUPPOSE THEY'LL LET US FERRY A PLANE TO ENGLAND, SNAP?

SURE! WHY NOT?

THEY'RE THE ONES, MAX? GIVE 'EM THE DISPATCH ORDER AND LETS GET AWAY FROM HERE!



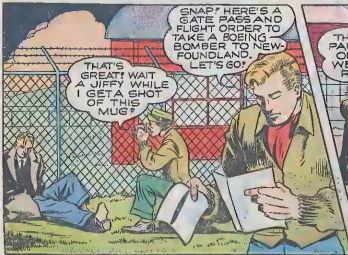
OH YEAH.. SURE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT PRONTO?

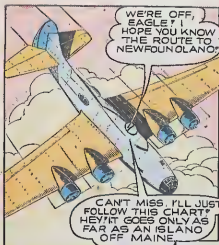


OKAY, SNOOPER. HAND OVER THAT ENVELOPE!

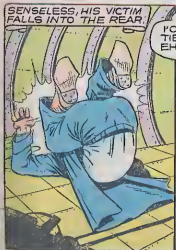
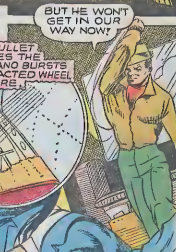
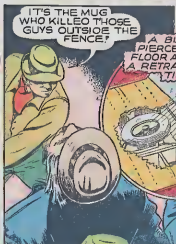


DON'T TRY THAT!





SNAP ROLLS FROM HIS SEAT AND WHIRLS ABOUT BEFORE THE STOWAWAY CAN SHOOT.

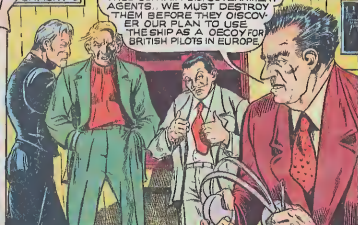


MEANWHILE, RADIO BEAMS FLASH OVER A SHACK ON THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND TOWARDS WHICH EAGLE AND SNAP ARE FLYING

MIKAIL REPORTING FROM FLOYD BENNETT FIELD HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL IN MISSION

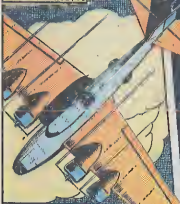


INSIDE THE SHACK...



IF THE BOEING ARRIVES, IT WILL CONTAIN U.S. GOVERNMENT AGENTS. WE MUST DESTROY THEM BEFORE THEY DISCOVER OUR PLAN TO USE THE SHIP AS A DECOY FOR BRITISH PILOTS IN EUROPE.

THE GLEAMING SKYBIRD CIRCLES OVER ITS DESTINATION.



THIS IS WHERE WE DROP SNAP. SAY, LOOK AT THAT RECEPTION COMMITTEE. THOSE GUYS LOOK ORNE-Y ENOUGH TO RUN INTO!



BUT EAGLE IS UNAWARE OF THE DAMAGED PORTSIDE WHEEL

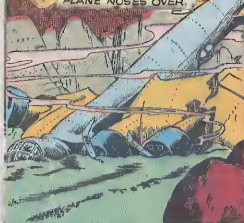


AND THE SHIP ROCKS DIZZILY AS IT TOUCHES SOLID GROUND.



SHE'S ACTING MIGHTY QUEER, EAGLE?

IN A HAILSTORM OF WING SPLINTERS THE HUGE PLANE NOSES OVER.



A MUCH DISGRUNTLED PAIR EMERGES FROM THE WRECK...



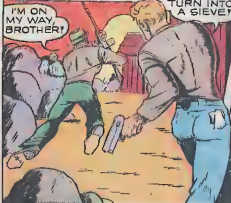
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!

HEY, EAGLE, ONE WHEEL WAS OUT OF ORDER!

SUDDENLY A HEAVY RAIN OF TOMMY GUN BULLETS PELTS THE AIRMEN.

TO THE SHACK, FELLA, BEFORE YOU TURN INTO A SIEVE!

I'M ON MY WAY, BROTHER!



GET OVER THERE, BOYS... I'D HATE TO LOSE ANY OF YOU!



THE GANG CHIEF RELEASES DRUCKER FROM THE WRECKED SHIP AND...

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, BOSS!



BUT EAGLES KEEN EYES SPOT THE FLEEING CULPRITS.

HOLD ON TO THOSE LUGS, SNAP... TWO RATS ARE LEAVING THE SHIP!



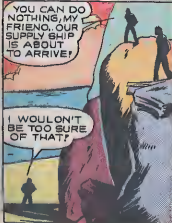
DON'T WORRY, EAGLE... I THINK THEY UNDERSTAND MACHINE GUN TALK!



EAGLE AND SNAP PRESENT THE COMMANDER WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.

DRUCKER AND HIS CHIEF TAKE REFUGE ON A CLIFF NEARBY.

YOU CAN DO NOTHING, MY FRIEND. OUR SUPPLY SHIP IS ABOUT TO ARRIVE!



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!

JUST THEN A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER PLOWS INTO SIGHT.

STILL WANT TO WAIT FOR THE SUPPLY SHIP?



O.K. BUDDY, YOU'RE HOLDING ALL THE ACES. WE'LL COME DOWN!

SO THOSE BOYS WERE TRYING TO TIE UP THE R.A.F... THEY'D HAVE TO WORK PRETTY FAST TO OUT-DISTANCE THOSE BRITISH PILOTS.



WE'RE GOING TO STICK BY, SIR, TO SEE THAT THOSE PLANES GET THROUGH!



Steele KERRIGAN

by
Al Bryant



PAROLED AFTER A DARING RESCUE OF THE WARDEN, STEELE KERRIGAN PURSUES A PROGRAM OF PERSONAL VENGEANCE AGAINST CRIME IN A DETERMINED EFFORT TO PROVE THE INJUSTICE OF HIS IMPRISONMENT.

RETURNING TO TOWN WITH ANNE AFTER A LATE DATE, STEELE JAMS ON THE BRAKES FOR A RED LIGHT.

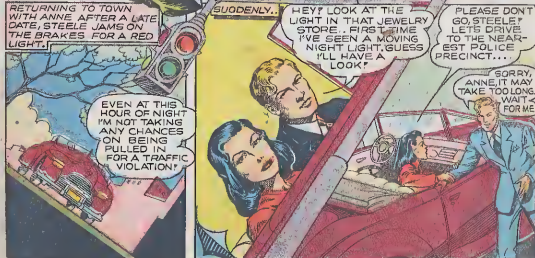
SUDDENLY...

HEY! LOOK AT THE LIGHT IN THAT JEWELRY STORE.. FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN A MOVING NIGHT LIGHT. GUESS I'LL HAVE A LOOK!

PLEASE DON'T GO, STEELE! LET'S DRIVE TO THE NEAREST POLICE PRECINCT...

EVEN AT THIS HOUR OF NIGHT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON BEING PULLED IN FOR A TRAFFIC VIOLATION!

SORRY, ANNE, IT MAY TAKE TOO LONG. WAIT FOR ME



TWO MEN CROUCH BEFORE AN OPEN SAFE AS STEELE ENTERS THE STORE.

IT'S AKRON AL AND BILL THE BASHER! TWO OF MY OLD CELL MATES!

WHA...

WE THOUGHT YOU WAS GOIN' STRAIGHT!

WHADDA YOU WANT KERRIGAN.. A CUT?

AND SO I AM, SMART GUY. YOU WILL TOO AFTER A COUPLE OF....

A SKULL SMASHING BLOW MAKES POWERFUL CONTACT.

OH...!

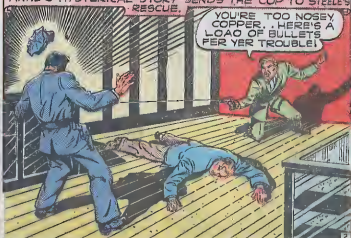
STARING THROUGH THE WINDOW ANNE EMITS A HORRIFIED SCREAM.

JUST AS A POLICE OFFICER PASSES...

WHAT'S WRONG LADY?

ANNE'S HYSTERICAL STORY SENDS THE COP TO STEELE'S RESCUE.

YOU'RE TOO NOSEY COPPER. HERE'S A LOAD OF BULLETS FER YER TROUBLE!





GRAB
THE GUN,
JOE!

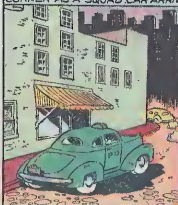
I'LL JUST PLANT THIS GUN
IN HIS HANDS AND THEY'LL
NAB HIM FER
THE JOB!

THE THUGS FORCE ANNE
INTO THEIR WAITING CAR

DON'T GIVE US
NO TROUBLE
SISTER, WE MIGHT
HAVE TO PLUG
YA!

AND THE TAIL OF THE ESCAPING
VEHICLE SWINGS AROUND THE
CORNER AS A SQUAD CAR ARRIVES.

STOLEN JEWELS BULGING
FROM HIS POCKETS, STEELE
IS LEFT WITH INCRIMINATING
EVIDENCE.



SHOOTIN'
REPORTED
DOWN HERE,
BILL. KEEP
YOUR EYES
OPEN!

O.K.,
TED!

SUDDENLY STEELE COMES TO.

WOW! THEY SURE DID A
GOOD JOB OF PINNING
THIS ON ME. JEWELS
IN MY POCKET AND THE GUN
IN MY HAND...

BUT...

OH! OH! HERE COME
THE COPS. I'LL HAVE
TO PRETEND I'M STILL
OUT TO SKIN THROUGH
THIS MESS!

HE FEIGNS
UNCONSCIOUSNESS
AND

BOY! THIS MUG
SURE SEWED
HIMSELF UP
WITH THE
GOODS, EH?



SUDDENLY STEELE AWAKENS AND...



BUT ACTION COUNTS NOW!



DODGING THE COPS' BULLETS, STEELE HASTILY DEPARTS.



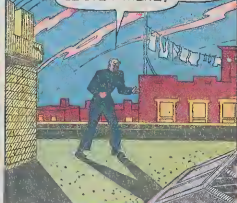
IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY IT'S DOWN THIS ALLEY..



AND UP THIS FIRE ESCAPE.



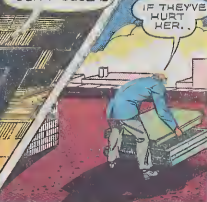
AH! THIS IS THE BUILDING.. BASHER'S HIDEOUT SHOULD BE OVER THERE!



HE PEERS INTO A DINGY LOFT.



LET'S GET GOIN' BASHER.. THAT OPEN GAS JET'LL MAKE SURE SHE DON'T SQUEAL.



STEELE RACES FOR THE SKYLIGHT...





HAVING THROWN A PERMANENT CAMPER ON THE CROOKS' PLANS, STEELE HEADS FOR ANNE.



GET TO THE TELEPHONE, ANNE, AND CALL THE POLICE..THOSE LUGGS MIGHT GET RESTLESS.



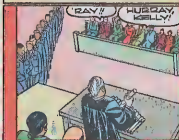


BY
TEX BLAISDELL
and
ALEX KOTZKY

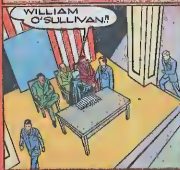
MANHUNTER

GRADUATION DAY AT THE CITY POLICE ACADEMY.... A DAY OF HIGH HOPES..AND HIGHER WINDED SPEAKERS, BUT OVER ALL HANGS THE PRESENCE OF ONE AS YET UNKNOWN..ONE DESTINED TO FAME AS THE FIERCEST OF ALL ENEMIES OF EVIL....MANHUNTER !!!

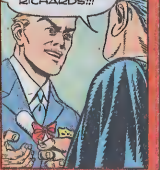
AT LAST, THE YOUNG GRADUATES RECEIVE THEIR DIPLOMAS..... HONOR MAN, AND HEAD OF HIS CLASS, JAMES KELLY!!

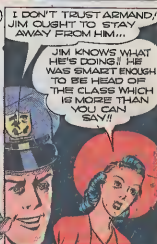
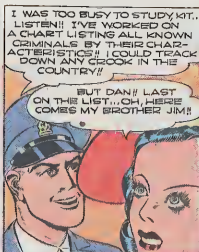


ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE ROOKIES FILE ACROSS THE PLATFORM...



AND FINALLY, THE LAST MAN... AND DONALD RICHARDS!!!





MINUTES LATER... IN A DIRTY
CELLAR RESTAURANT...

..AND THIS PROPOSITION
IS A CINCH, KID!! ALL YOU
DO IS BUMP THIS JOHNNIE
OFF, IN THE LINE OF
DUTY, O'OURSE!!

WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU GOT ME
WRONG... I'M
NO KILLER..



LOOK, KID! A
CHECK... 5000
BUCKS... FOR
YOU!!

WHY YOU...
HEY WHAT
TH'....

TICKLE THE STARS,
SUCKERS!



SO YA WAS GONNA
HAVE ME BUMPED...
NO YA DON'T, COPPER!!

DROP THAT G...
UUUGH!!



YOU SNAKE
COSENTINO!!
I'LL...
OOOOHHH!!

SO LONG,
RAT!!



YOU TAKE
THE RAP
COPPER!
HA HA
HA!!



HEARING THE SHOT, DAN
RICHARDS RACES TO THE
SCENE....

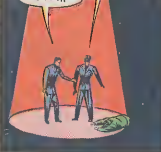
WHAT HAPPENED
??



I... I...
DON'T KNOW
!!!

JIM! DID YOU KILL
ARMAND?

I DIDN'T DO IT... MUST
HAVE BEEN JOHNNY..
SLUGGED ME..
GRABBED MY
GUN!!



JOHNNY, EH?

KELLY! RICHARDS! WHAT
GOES ON ??



JOE, LOOK! A CHECK...
MADE OUT TO KELLY!!

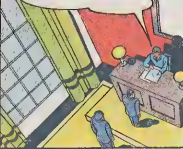
..AND THAT GUN IN
HIS HAND... HE MUST
HAVE KILLED ARMAND

BUT I...



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

IT'S NO GOOD KELLY! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS... THAT CHECK WAS MADE OUT TO YOU, ONLY YOUR PRINTS ON THE GUN... AND YOUR STORY'S WEAK! WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU!!



AS FOR YOU RICHARDS, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS, BUT I'M SUSPENDING YOU TILL I DO!! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!!

YES, SIR!!



HURRYING TO HIS LABORATORY, DAN CONSULTS HIS FILE ON CRIMINAL PERSONALITIES.

ACCORDING TO JIM, THE KILLER SAID, "TICKLE THE STARS" SOUNDS LIKE A PET PHRASE. LET'S SEE NOW.. I'VE GOT IT!! MY SYSTEM WORKS!!



"TICKLE THE STARS"... FAVORITE EXPRESSION OF JOHNNY COSENTINO, HEAD OF THE PROTECTION RACKET, TALL, DARK MOUSTACHE, LOUD DRESSER, IT CHECKS!!



HE'LL BE SOMEWHERE IN THE "SWAMP"... AND I'M GOING TO HUNT HIM DOWN!! BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE A DISGUISE... AH, I'VE GOT IT!! JOHNNY COSENTINO WILL BE THE FIRST CASE FOR MANHUNTER!!



MIDNIGHT, AND IN THE SLUM SECTION CALLED "THE SWAMP," JOHNNY'S MOB HOLDS A SECRET MEETING...

REMEMBER, I KNOCKED ARMAND OFF, SO NOW I'M RUNNING DIS... WHAT WUZ DAT?



THAT WAS THOR GENTLEMEN! THE THUNDER DOG!!

WHO..WHO'S DAT G.GUY?!

GET 'IM!! PLUS 'IM!!

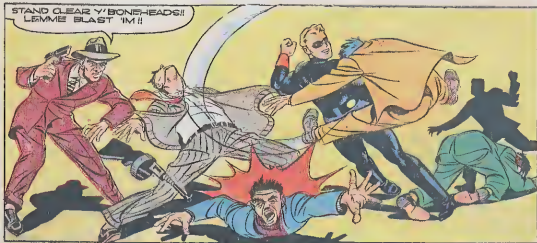


MY NAME, RATS, IS....



MANHUNTER!!





TERROR-STRIKEN, THE GANG
LEADER TRIES TO FLEE, BUT
MANHUNTER SHOUTS A
COMMAND...

THOR!! BRING
HIM DOWN!!



AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS
STREAKS A HUGE BLACK
DOG...

HELP!! HE'LL
KILL ME!!!



AS SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY
AS LIGHT THOR SPRINGS



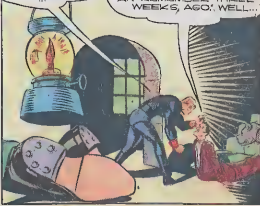
HOLD HIM,
THOR!! I'LL BE
RIGHT
WITH
YOU!!!



HALP!! CALL
HIM OFF!!
DON'T LET HIM
KILL ME!!



DOWN, THOR!!
NOW YOU
SKUNK!!!
START TALKING
!!!



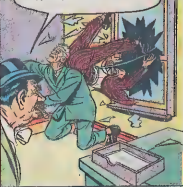
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
ON THE ROOF OF POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...

DON'T THROW ME OFF!
DON'T! I'LL BE KILLED!!



BELOW, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

YEAH, IT LOOKS PRETTY
BAD FOR KELLY! HELL BE...
WOW!! WHAT TH'...



LOCK ME UP! HIDE ME!! I'LL
TALK!! I KILLED ARMAND, BUT
DON'T LET THAT MANHUNTER
GET ME... AND THAT
HORRIBLE DOG... BRRRR

SAY! WO'S
THAT
CARD?



IT'S SHAPED LIKE A
FOOTPRINT! AND IT
SAYS, "THIS IS THE MAN
WHO KILLED AL ARMAND,
KELLY IS INNOCENT!"

WHAT'S ON
THE OTHER SIDE



NEXT DAY

HI, JIM!! GOSH I WAS GLAD
TO HEAR YOU WERE
CLEARED!! SAY WHO IS
THIS MANHUNTER, ANY
WAY?

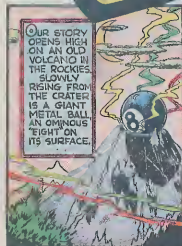
SOME PUNK AMATEUR
DETECTIVE!! YOU SURELY
WERE NO HELP, SHOOTIN'
OFF YOUR
BIG MOUTH!!



ME?
WHY
I...

JIM'S RIGHT DAN!!
I'M BEGINNING TO
THINK YOU'RE JUST
PLAIN DUMBS.. MY, I
WISH I KNEW A WON-
DERFUL MAN LIKE
MANHUNTER!!

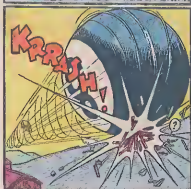




THUS BEGINS A JOURNEY OF DESTRUCTION SO BIZARRE AS TO DEFEY IMAGINATION....



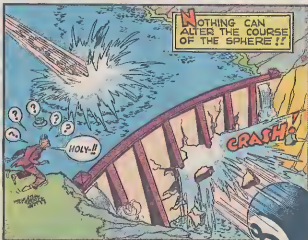
YES A BALL TEN STORIES HIGH WITH WALLS FIFTEEN FEET THICK OF SOLID STEEL ROCKETING OVER AND THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES AT THE SPEED OF 100 MILES PER HOUR.



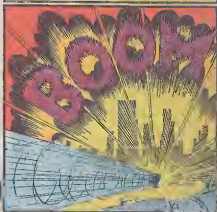
ON AND ON IT COMES, SMASHING A PATH OF TERROR AND DEMOLITION...



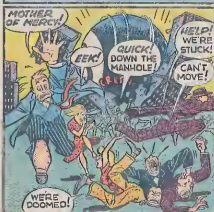
NOTHING CAN ALTER THE COURSE OF THE SPHERE!!



WITH EVER INCREASING SPEED IT GRINDS DOWN UPON DENVER!!



BUILDINGS CRUMBLE LIKE MATCH BOXES... PEOPLE DIE IN AGONY...



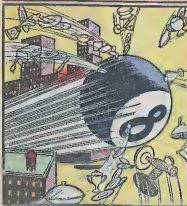
THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENS MILES AWAY....



IN ANOTHER SECTION:



FROM A RADIUS OF FIVE MILES, ALL GOLD AND SILVER IS ATTRACTED TO THE **EIGHT BALL'S** SURFACE!!!



INSIDE THE EVIL PROF. McSNEER-DANCES ABOUT WITH FIENDISH GLEE:



HEH! HEH! MY GOLD AND SILVER MAGNET WILL MAKE US RICHER THAN MIDAS!!!



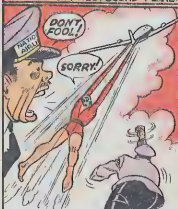
LEAVING A CITY OF DEATH AND DESOLATION THE BALL ROLLS ON:



MEANWHILE **PLASTIC MAN** IS FAR FROM IDLE....



STRETCHING HIS ELASTIC ARMS HE GRABS A WEST-BOUND PLANE:



FOR HOURS THE MAN OF RUBBER TRAVELS WESTWARD... THEN —

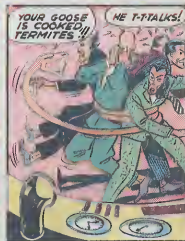
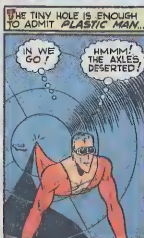
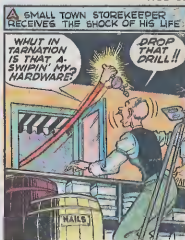


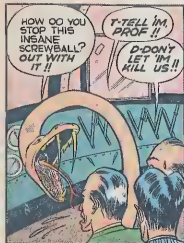
HE LANDS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE ONCOMING SPHERE...



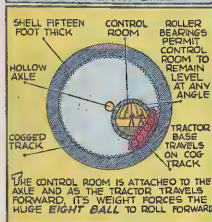
THEN, ON STILTS FIVE STORIES HIGH HE RACES WITH THE BALL!







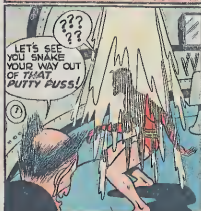
DETAIL OF THE EIGHT BALL...



AS PLASTIC MAN STUDIES THE DIAGRAMS, A HAND FINDS A BUTTON

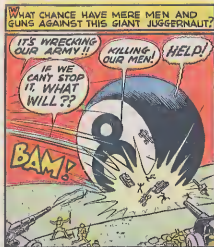


A DELUGE OF QUICK-DRYING CEMENT POURS OVER THE INDIA RUBBER MAN



BUT OUTSIDE OF KANSAS CITY A RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITS:

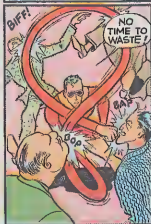




AROUSSED INTO ACTION, THE OTHER THUGS LEAP FROM BEHIND...



ONE LONG BLOW DOES IT....



SOON THE FLOOR IS LITTERED WITH UNCONSCIOUS BEINGS...



CLOSER AND CLOSER TO KANSAS CITY THUNDERS THE BALL...



THEN, WITH A SCANT FEW FEET TO SPARE, IT STOPS...



WITH THE GANG ARRESTED, PLASTIC MAN BECOMES THE IDOL OF THE CITY.



CHIC CARTER

by VERNON HENKEL

DARKNESS FALLS, CASTING SHADOWS OVER CHINTOWN. BUT AT WU LAN-THE IMPORTER, A LIGHT BURNS LONG INTO THE NIGHT....

TRIUMPH! AFTER 19 YEARS I HAVE LOCATED THE "LIGHT OF THE ORIENT" AND YOU SHALL HELP ME GET IT, DO YOU HEAR?

"...BUT MY MISTRESS BOUGHT IT FROM A COLLECTION IN PARIS. OOH!! YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!!

SILENCE, PO SAN! I WANT THAT JEWEL... IT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!! 150 YEARS AGO IT WAS STOLEN FROM MY ANCESTRAL HOME BY PIRATES... AND NOW IT SHALL BE RECOVERED AND THE SHAME WIPED OUT!!

YOU WILL DO AS I SAY OR MY DAGGER WILL FIND YOUR PRETTY THROAT!

YES, WU LAN!



THE NEXT DAY A CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE MANSION OF MRS. CROFT... SERGEANT MONAHAN OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND CHIC CARTER, POLICE REPORTER, ARE INVESTIGATING THE "LIGHT OF THE ORIENT"



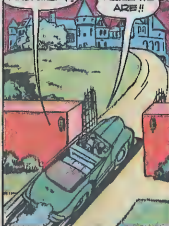
HMM!! A CHINESE MAID!!

I TELL MISSY CROFT YOU HERE!!

I'M MRS. CROFT AND I DON'T WANT ANY SNOOPERS AROUND MY ESTATE NOW GET OUT!!

YOU SAY THE JEWEL DOESN'T BELONG TO MRS. CROFT?

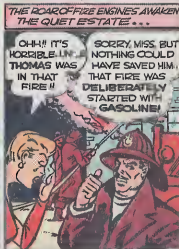
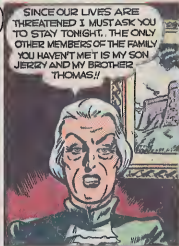
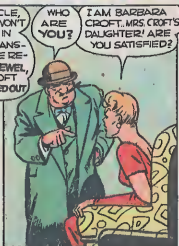
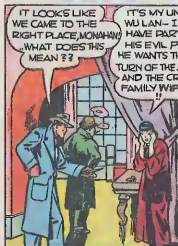
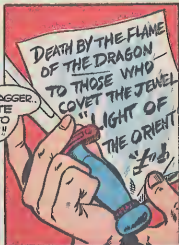
NOT ACCORDING TO THIS LETTER FROM THE PARIS SECRET POLICE HERE WE ARE!!

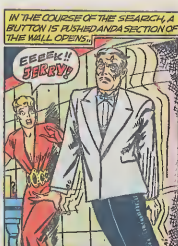


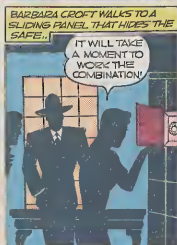
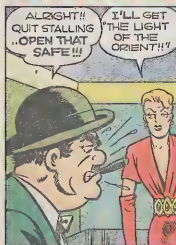
"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE!!"

NO! DON'T GO-- YOU STAY.. MY MISTRESS' LIFE IS IN DANGER.. SHE HAS MANY ENEMIES!!

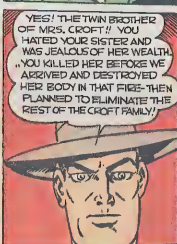
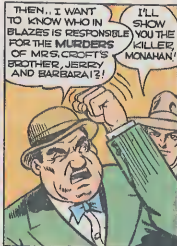
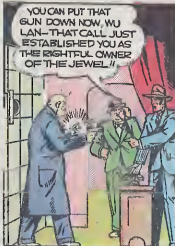








AS WU LAN REACHES FOR THE "LIGHT OF THE ORIENT," THE PHONE RINGS...





SUPER SNOOPER

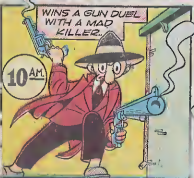
THE YEGG BEATER

LET'S GO THROUGH A DAY WITH
THE FAMOUS SUPER SNOOPER...

by GILL FOX

9 AM

AH, OFF TO AN EARLY
START FOR A DAY
OF CRIME FIGHTING!!



WINS A GUN DUEL
WITH A MAD
KILLER.

10 AM

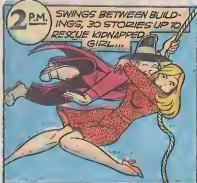


11 AM CAPTURES A CHINESE
HATCHETMAN WITH
HIS BARE HANDS..



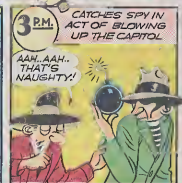
12 NOON

SOLVES A
JEWEL ROBBERY
CASE WHILE
EATING LUNCH...



2 PM

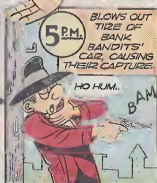
SWINGS BETWEEN BUILD-
INGS, 30 STORIES UP TO
RESCUE KIDNAPPED
GIRL....



3 PM

CATCHES SPY IN
ACT OF BLOWING
UP THE CAPITOL

AAH.. AAH..
THAT'S
NAUGHTY!!

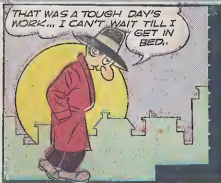


5 PM

BLOWS OUT
TIRE OF
BANK
BANDITS'
CAR, CAUSING
THEIR CAPTURE.

HO HUM..

BAM



THAT WAS A TOUGH DAY'S
WORK... I CAN'T WAIT TILL I
GET IN
BED..



NOW FOR A GOOD
NIGHT'S... HEY! SOME
@*!!#! CROOK STOLE
MY BED!!



INSIDE THE WALLS OF WEST-MOOR PRISON, DAIN OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION!

SAY JOE, REMEMBER 'BUTCHER' BOWES? WELL, HE'S UP TO HIS DIRTY TRICKS AGAIN!

WHAT'S HE COOKING UP NOW?

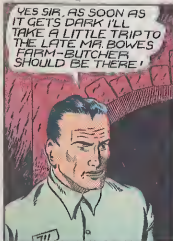


HIS BROTHER DIED, AN' LEFT TWO SONS. SO BUTCHER TAKES 'EM UNDER HIS WING AN' IS TEACHING 'EM HOW TO USE GUNS AN' THE TRICKS OF HIS RACKET!



HMM-BUTCHER'S BROTHER WAS A DECENT CITIZEN! AND THOSE BOYS, AT THE WILD, IMPULSIVE AGE! GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

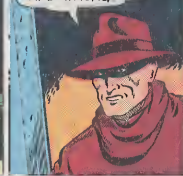




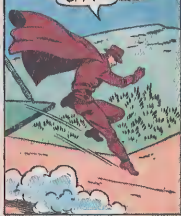
ONCE OUT ON THE STATE ROAD TII QUICKLY HITCHES ONTO A MOVING VAN!



YES INDEED. IT'S GOING TO BE FUN TEACHING BUTCHER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG!



-AND HERE IS WHERE I GET OFF!



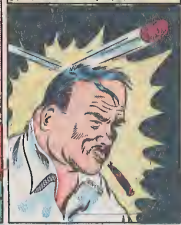
LIKE A LITHE JUNGLE CAT, TII STALKS UP TO THE BOWES FARM HOUSE AND--



NOW YOU KIDS ARE GONNA LEARN HOW TO USE A KNIFE-- COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY AT TIMES, AN' LOUIE'S GONNA TEACH YA!



THEN A CRASH OF SPLINTERING GLASS----



I'LL FIX DAT WISE GUY, BOSS! I'LL BLAST HIM!

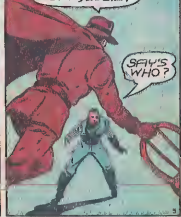


AS LOUIE GOES TO THE SMASHED WINDOW!!



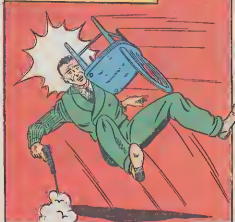
HIYA BUTCHER, YOU RAT!

NEVER POINT A GUN AT ANY-- ONE, LOUIE!



SAY'S WHO?

AND LOUIE GETS A
FACE FULL OF CHAIR!



WAIT'LL MY BOYS
GET 'CHA! HEY,
BLACKIE, TONY,
OX! C'MERE N'
GET DIS LUG!!

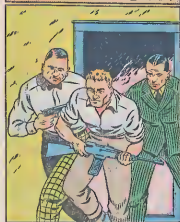


GOSH! UNCLE ISN'T
SO TOUGH AFTER
ALL, IS HE!

HE'S PLAIN
YELLOW!



BUTCHER'S FRANTIC CALL
FOR HELP IS ANSWERED!



YOU
MISSED,
STUPID!



HERE'S
YOUR
BOSS!

EEOOW!



P-LEASE, ONE
OF YOU GUYS!
STOP DAT MUG!





MEANWHILE, LOUIE COMES TO, AND WITH A MUTTERED OATH, DRAWS A KNIFE!!



GOSH, JIM-LOUIE'S GOING TO THROW THAT KNIFE!



THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

LOUIE GETS HIS LUMPS AGAIN-



THANKS KID, FOR SAVING MY LIFE!



-AND AS FOR YOU, PUNK! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OUT ON PAROLE---



BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG! WHEN THE STATE TROOPERS GET HERE, IT'LL BE ALL OVER!



NO, NO! P-LEASE!

WELL BOYS I GUESS YOU REALIZE NOW HOW YELLOW ALL GANGSTERS AND "TOUGH GUYS" ARE!

YESSIR, THAT'S WHAT DAD ALWAYS TOLD US!



THE NEXT DAY

GET DIS, JOE. REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU 'BOUT BUTCHER? WELL, HE AN' HIS BOYS ARE GONNA BE "GUESTS" HERE VERY SOON, GOOD, EH?



SEVEN STROKES OF DOOM



Sixty feet above the sawdust arena, the great Enrico Savoldi sailed through the air on a slender wire. Five thousand awed spectators held their breath as the renowned acrobat neared his goal.

Then, just as his hands were reaching for the fragile bar, Enrico seemed to freeze. His hands missed their mark, and the mighty artist's body plummeted down. Screams rent the air as his body hit and bounced, to lie still at last.

Attendants rushed to him, turned him over, and the circus doctor came running. Enrico was dead. The world's most fearless acrobat was dead!

The newspapers that night carried the story of the ill-timed passing of the amusement world's most colorful figure. Enrico had slipped. Enrico had lost his hold. The one chance in a thousand had claimed the national idol of the air.

And so the matter ended. At least with the public. But the show must go on! Enrico had five brothers and a sister, all daredevils of the upper air. They would carry on, bearing the triumphant banner of the "Seven Savoldis."

The Roxy Circus still had nine days to run in Jacksonville. Instead of causing the crowds to thin out, the tragedy seemed to pack 'em in. And the second night, Armand Savoldi was going to perform. Armandi was a high-diver, who leaped seventy feet into a tiny tank of water, over which blazed an inferno of burning gasoline. Armandi—the Fire Devil!

When Armandi's stunt was announced, a hush fell over the jammed audience. Many of them had witnessed this feat before, but always it brought the same tingling thrill. It was an utterly biz-

arre and fearless!

Slowly Armandi climbed to the top of the steel tower. He raised his hands, leaned outward—

Then his body was dropping, turning over and over. The crushing impact left no doubt. Again the crowd gasped and women's screams rose above the blaring of the band.

Armandi had landed across the edge of the steel tank, almost severing his body in half. The flames had got in their ghastly work and when they pulled him out, his body was a charred cinder.

What had happened to the expert diver? What was wrong with the mighty Savoldi clan? What...

The papers took up the question. Were the Savoldis slipping? They issued vehement denials, those that still remained alive. They would go on with the show and prove that they were not slipping!

And so, even larger crowds jammed the huge tent on the third night. The authorities had posted an army of detectives throughout the tent and grounds. If there was foul work afoot they would spot it.

Eunice Savoldi was a tooth-hanger. Her act, coupled with that of her younger brother, Dominic, was a "killer." With his legs hooked over a bar, Dominic swung in a hundred-foot arc high above the ring, a strap in his teeth holding his sister who also clung to the strap by her teeth.

The spectators seemed to sense the answer. Dominic's arc had ended. Eunice grabbed the trailing trapeze, preparatory to unhooking, but suddenly Dominic's legs straightened. They fell to the earth, Dominic's body crushing that of his sister. Both lay still.

The authorities sought to restrain the circus from going on. But the remaining Savoldis—now only three in number—forced the show owners to continue. Their contracts were binding. And nothing, *nothing* was going to stop the mighty Savoldis. Not even death!

Luigi, Rocco and John Savoldi, brothers three, stood in the latter's dressing tent and made a solemn vow. If they were to die, they would die together! If this was some terrible curse pursuing them, then they would all go. Already four of the greatest trapeze artists in the world had perished. The renowned "Savoldi Seven" was broken up; their popularity would quickly wane.

The Barker, with his shiny top hat and bright red jacket, was standing in the middle ring giving his nightly spiel: "And now, la-deez and gen-til-men! Tonight you're going to witness an act that has never been duplicated! The incomparable, the mighty, the sensational Savoldi brothers will



do what they call the 'three-way bird flight' seventy feet above the sawdust arena! Hold your breath, my friends, and hang on to your seats... Here they come!"

The tent nearly collapsed under the cocophany of applause. Some sort of mad virus was in the veins of the expectant audience. They had tasted death. Again they were here for the kill! Such is human nature.

Standing in the milling crowd outside the main tent, Dick Mace, the world's most intrepid young detective, watched the line of ticket purchasers. In a few minutes the show would go on. It was going to be another sell-out. A grisly thought flashed through

Dick Mace's mind: But no. The circus officials could not do a thing like that just to draw the crowds. Human life was too precious to wipe out for mere profit. It was something else. But what? Who was murdering the Savoldis?

Dick hunched his broad shoulders. He had been watching the entrance for two nights now. He had come to recognize many of the patrons. They all seemed to come back. Once last night he had spotted a silent, dark chap who had looked around furtively and then darted inside the tent. But there were many persons who acted hunted...

"Ah!" The soft sound escaped Dick's lips. He was there again, the little dark man. He looked even more frightened and hunted. Certainly he couldn't harm a fly! Why the little guy—

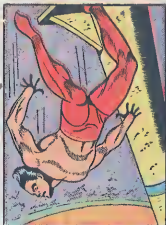
He was suddenly swallowed up in the crowds pressing through the turnstile, and Dick lost sight of him. He stood at his post another minute, then bought a ticket just as the turnstile was locked.

Something in the back of Dick's mind kept buzzing. Who was the little chap? Just an interested patron, certainly. But the buzzing persisted. Dick looked around once inside the tent. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to spot the little guy. He climbed to his seat.

And it was at this time that the barker finished his spiel which heralded the appearance of the three Savoldi brothers in their death-defying act.

Silence fell over the massive tent. The Savoldis crawled to their lofty perches—each separated by a hundred feet of space. They would swing inward toward a common center, somersault, and catch each other, the bottom man alighting on a tight wire. The two brothers would follow instantly, each hitting the wire, then swinging down to the bottom man. A terribly dangerous act.

The signal came. The band blared. The brothers came together, one catching the other in perfect timing, the lower one



dropping and balancing on the wire. The two others bounced on the wire, then leaped, one at a time, to alight on each other's shoulders. The top man had hardly landed when the man teetering on the wire collapsed. All three hurtled to the arena floor.

Again the screams of the crowd filled the tent. The fall broke the necks of two of the brothers. The other, his lung pierced by a rib, died a few minutes later.

Dick had arisen with the horrified crowd. What was that! He caught a glimpse of a little dark man far up under the top-most edge of the canvas. The little man was lowering a long tube-like instrument, trying to dispose of it.

"Hey!" Dick yelled at him, and started climbing up through the crowd. He knocked people over in his mad ascent. The little man was now sprinting along the narrow catwalk that encircled the tent, top. Dick gained the walk and started in pursuit. He had gone only a few yards when the little man grabbed a guy wire and swung out over the heads of the spectators. Hand-over-hand, he swung along the swaying wire. "Stop!" shouted Dick. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The little man kept on. Now he was a hundred feet over the arena. He was almost above the spot where the three brothers had fallen.

"Come an' get me!" he started.

Circus attendants were running with a net. But they were too late. With a crazy shriek, the little man let go. His body hurtled down and was impaled on a bronze pole that stood in the middle of the trained horse ring. It was a ghastly sight.

When the ambulance attendants had removed the gory remains of the little man, Dick searched his pockets. The little chap carried no identification. But there was a small white card with a tiny red hand stamped on it, and under it the single word "Savoldi."

No one there, except the brilliant Dick Mace, knew what the card meant, if anything. But Dick did.

"Revenge killing," said Dick. "Or rather, revenge killings. Evidently this little guy belonged to some death clan. He was sent to get the Savoldis, all of them. Seems he got 'em, too!"

"But how?" demanded a cop. "How the heck did he kill 'em?"

A circus roustabout whom Dick had sent outside returned with a long steel tube, now bent. He handed it to the young detective.

"A modern version of the blow-gun," Dick stated. "He fired it from the top of the tent. Naturally it made no sound."

"But what kind of ammunition did he use?" demanded the coroner.

"Since no clue has been found," Dick explained, "I'd say he used explosive darts, which carried a poisoned needle. There is such a dart. It employs a deadly poison, a mere scratch of which causes almost instant death. The dart does not stick in the skin, or fall. Upon striking, it explodes, thus removing all evidence."

"Well, blow me down!" exclaimed a copper. "That Dick Mace feller sure knows all the answers!"

FOLLOW THE DARING ADVENTURES OF
DICK MACE
EACH MONTH IN
POLICE COMICS

Phantom Lady

by
ARTHUR PEDDY

DON BORDEN, THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S TROUBLE SHOOTER, LIKE ALL OTHERS IN OFFICIAL WASHINGTON, HAS NO IDEA THAT SENATOR KNIGHT'S GLAMOROUS DAUGHTER, SANDRA, IS THE DARING PHANTOM LADY WHO SMASHES THE GRIM SCHEMES OF FOREIGN AGENTS WITH THE AID OF HER MYSTERIOUS BLACK LIGHT. . .

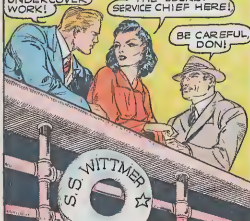


SANDRA, THE SENATOR AND DON ARRIVE IN HAVANA, CUBA, TO INVESTIGATE SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES OF EUROPEAN TOURISTS.

YOU WON'T SEE ME AROUND THE CITY. I'VE GOT TO DO UNDERCOVER WORK!

YES, DON. . . AND DAD IS GOING TO GET THE INSIDE FACTS FROM THE SECRET SERVICE CHIEF HERE!

BE CAREFUL, DON!



BUT THEY DO NOT SEE THE HAWK-EYED FACES IN A PASSING SPEED BOAT.



WE MUST PREVENT BORDEN FROM GOING ASHORE BY LAUNCH OTTO! THE CHIEF SAID TO KILL HIM IF NECESSARY!



A GOVERNMENT LAUNCH
DRAWS ALONGSIDE TO
PICK UP DON.

YOU WON'T
HAVE ANY
TROUBLE...LET
ME COME!

OH,
ALL
RIGHT!

THEY ARE SPOTTED AT ONCE
BY THE FOREIGN AGENTS.

SWING AROUND,
OTTO! WE CAN
OVERTAKE THEM
BEFORE THEY
REACH THE
PIER!

GET READY
TO THROW
THAT BOTTLE
OF GASOLINE,
SHLACHT!

LOOK, DON! THAT SPEED-
BOAT!

HE'S GOING TO
THROW A BOTTLE!
WHY DID I LET YOU
COME! GET
DOWN,
SANORA!



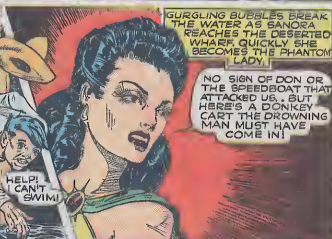
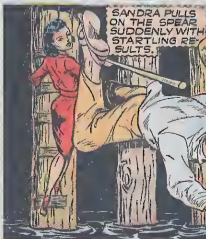
WE ARE
SO CLOSE
I CAN'T MISS!
THEY'LL NEVER
ESCAPE
ALIVE!

IT SMASHED
OVER THE EN-
GINE! OH!
FIRE!

QUICK, SANDRA!
LEAP FOR YOUR
LIFE!

BUT SANORA HAS ALREADY BEEN FORCED
TO GIVE OVERBOARD.

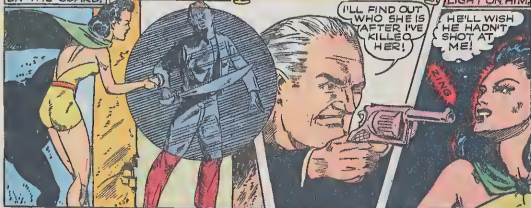
I HEARD DON'S YELL
BUT DIDN'T SEE HIM..
HE MUST HAVE
JUMPED!



LIKE A SWIFTLY MOVING SHADOW, PHANTOM LADY LEAPS OUT AND FLASHES HER SECRET BLACK LIGHT ON THE GUARD.

BUT A SINISTER FIGURE SPOTS HER FROM A BALCONY AS SHE SPRINGS INTO THE COURTYARD.

PHANTOM LADY TURNS HER BLACK LIGHT ON HIM.



I'LL FIND OUT WHO SHE IS AFTER I'VE KILLED HER!

HE'LL WISH HE HADN'T SHOT AT ME!

INSTANTLY SHE WHIRLS THROUGH AN ARCHWAY LEADING INTO THE HOUSE.

VOICES... DOWN THE HALL... PERHAPS I CAN LEARN WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!



YES! THESE WATERS BETWEEN CUBA AND FLORIDA MUST BE MINED TO PREVENT AMERICAN INTERFERENCE WITH OUR OCCUPATION OF CUBA!

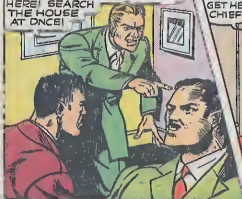
BUT WE NEED MINES AND MINE-LAYERS YET!

OUR CHIEF HAS EVERYTHING ARRANGED!



SUDDENLY PHANTOM LADY'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN BURSTS IN.

A SPY DISGUISED AS A RHUMBA DANCER IS HIDING IN HERE! SEARCH THE HOUSE AT ONCE!



LEAVING THE MAP THE PLOTTERS SCATTER OUT THE DOOR.

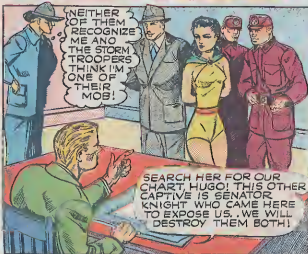
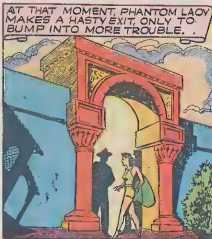
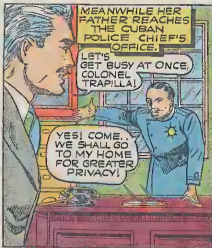
WE'LL GET HER, CHIEF!



PHANTOM LADY SLIPS FROM BEHIND THE DOOR AND QUICKLY ROLLS UP THEIR MAP.

THIS IS ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED!





THE INSTANT HE LEAVES, OON'S ACTION REVEALS HIS DISGUISE.

YOU'RE FIRST ON MY ELIMINATION LIST!



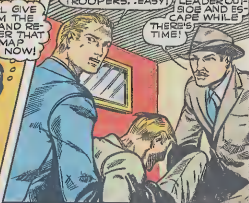
WHY, THAT'S OON! HOW'D HE GET HERE?

I'LL GIVE THEM THE SLIP AND RECOVER THAT MAP NOW!



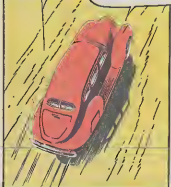
I GOT DRY CLOTHING FROM A FISHERMAN AND TAGGED ALONG WITH THE STORM TROOPERS. EASY!

BUT HURRY, OONI! WE HAVE TO STOP THE LEADER OUT-SCAPE AND ESCAPE WHILE THERE'S TIME!



STEP ON IT, OON, I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED!

OKAY, SENATOR! BUT KEEP YOUR HEAD LOW! THE TROOPERS ARE OPENING FIRE!

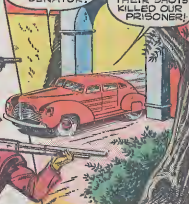


EMPTY YOUR GUNS INTO THAT CAR! IF THEY ESCAPE, THE POLICE WILL ROUND US UP IN NO TIME!



WE GOT AWAY! YOU ALL RIGHT, SENATOR?

YES, OON, BUT ONE OF THEIR SHOTS KILLED OUR PRISONER!



MEANWHILE, PHANTOM LADY SURPRISES A GUARD WITH HER BLACK LIGHT AS SHE SNATCHES THE MAP FROM A WASTE BARREL.



STOP! ER... WHAT TH' I CAN'T SEE!

LATER, WHEN DON AND SENATOR KNIGHT ARRIVE AT THEIR HOTEL.

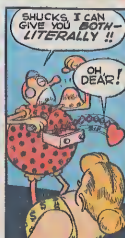
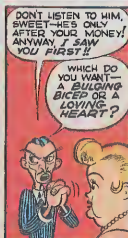
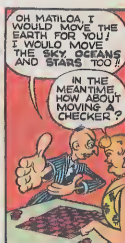
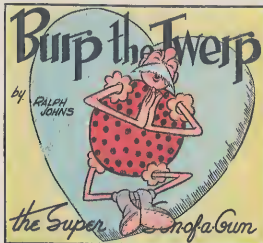
PHANTOM LADY LEFT THIS MAP FOR YOU, DON. SEE WHAT IT IS...

THANK GOODNESS YOU REACHED SHORE SAFELY!



BUT WE HAD QUITE A NIGHT OURSELVES. THE POLICE ARE ROUNDING UP THOSE "TOURISTS" NOW. THANKS TO PHANTOM LADY WE'LL HAVE THE EVIDENCE TO SEND THEM ALL TO PRISON!



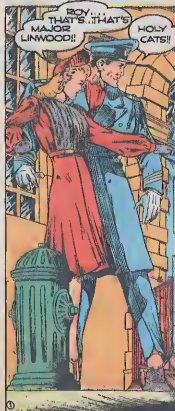




the human BOMB

BY
PAUL
CARROL

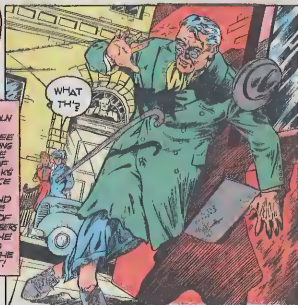
ROY LINCOLN, HEAD CHEMIST OF THE U.S. NAVY LABORATORIES IS IN HIS SECRET ROLE THE DYNAMIC HUMAN BOMB.....WHOSE BARE-HANDED TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION TO INFINITY.....



ROY... THAT'S... THAT'S
MAJOR
LINWOOD!!

HOLY
CATS!!

AS
ROY LINCOLN
AND
HIS FIANCEE
ARE WALKING
HOME, THE
BLAST OF
GUNS BREAKS
THE SILENCE
OF THE
NIGHT... AND
A FIGURE
IN FRONT OF
THEM STAGERS
AGAINST THE
BUILDING
ACROSS THE
STREET!



WHAT
TH'?

AT THE SAME TIME, FROM
A CAR PARKED NEARBY...



COME ON YOU
GUYS... SHAKE A
LEG!!

OH, OH... HOLD YOUR HAT JEAN...
THE NAVY'S GOING INTO
ACTION!!





THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE A NAVY MAN! GET THIS MESSAGE TO THE PRESIDENT ON BOARD THE TUSCALOOSA IMMEDIATELY..THERE'S A PLANE WAITING AT THE AIRPORT!!

YEE SURE, I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



JEAN.. SEE THAT MAJOR LINWOOD GETS TO A HOSPITAL..I HAVE SOMETHING TO DO THAT CAN'T WAIT!!

SO HAVE I... FOLLOWING YOU! YOU'VE LEFT ME STANDING ON A COIGNER FOR THE LAST TIME!!

AFTER MUCH ADIEU, BOY AND JEAN ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT.....



THIS THE PLANE
THAT'S GOING OUT
TO THE TUSCALOOSA?

'AT'S THE BABY,
FELLAR! TEX
IS MAH NAME!

UH..UH!!
WHATA
SUGAR!



THREE HOURS LATER, OVER THE ATLANTIC...

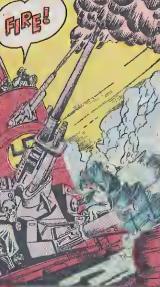
WAL BURN MAH BIZTCHES
AN' CALL ME FRIED
CHICKEN... A
"BLACK EEL!"

HEY, TALK
ENGLISH!!



BUT
ON THE
SUB.

ENEMY SUB OR NO
ENEMY SUB... SHE'S
IN DISTRESS!! HOLD
TIGHT.. WE'RE
GOING DOWN!



FIRE!

A SUB, SON.. AN' SHE AIN'T
NONE OF OURS!!

OH-OH! TEX..
SHE'S GIVING A
DISTRESS SIGNAL



WHY THE LOW-DOWN
BUZZARDS!
BALE OUT
MATES!!

ROY, WE'LL
BE KILLED!!

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE,
THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
MUSH, JEAN..

KEEP YOUR HEAD
GO AHEAD
TEX, WE'LL
FOLLOW
YOU!!

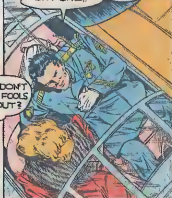


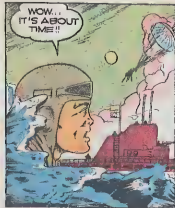
SORRY SWEETHEART, BUT
THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU
MORE THAN IT DOES ME!
SLEEP TIGHT!



WHY DON'T
THOSE FOOLS
BALE OUT?

CYON BABY, STAY IN THE AIR
UNTIL I DO A LITTLE CHANGING
HERE! THOSE GUYS WANT A
FIGHT, AND THEY'LL
GET ONE!!



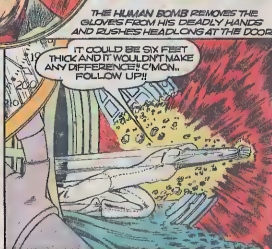
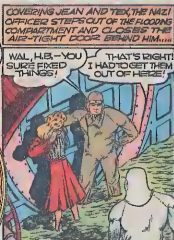
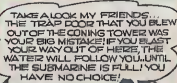
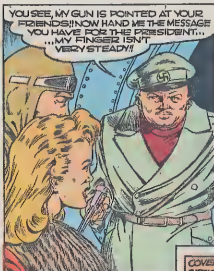


RIGHT, AND IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF SOMEONE WHO USES THE CODE OF THE SEAS THE WAY YOU BATS DO! TEX, TAKE CARE OF JEAN!! SHE'S ALL RIGHT. I JUST HAD TO KNOCK HER OUT TO GETHER OUT OF THE PLANE!!



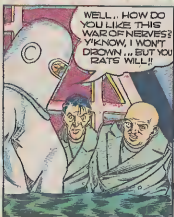
STARTING TO GO
DOWN, EH... WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!!





WITH THE HUMAN BOMB BLASTING OPEN THE WAY THE T120 REACH THE TORPEDO ROOM SHORTLY.

YOU FIRST, TEX., SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HELP JEAN OUT WHEN SHE COMES UP!



WELL... HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WAR OF NERVES? Y'KNOW, I WON'T DROWN... BUT YOUR RATS WILL!!



RISE TO THE SURFACE! ...AND SURRENDER!!!

WELL... THAT'S THAT!! HA! HA! HA!

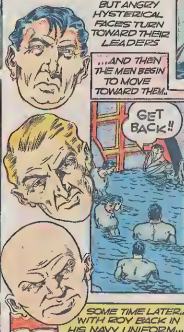
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

UB... GLUB... GLUB... OKAY, SUGAR-FOOT, AH'S GOT YOU!!



BUT ANGRY HYSTERICAL FACES TURN TOWARD THEIR LEADERS

...AND THEN THE MEN BEGIN TO MOVE TOWARD THEM...



GET BACK!!

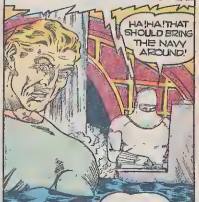
SOME TIME LATER... WITH ROY BACK IN HIS NAVY UNIFORM...

OH, ROY... I THOUGHT YOU HAD DROWNED!!

ER... NOT QUITE, BUT ALMOST! LOOK... SMOKE!! UNCLE SAM'S NAVY!!

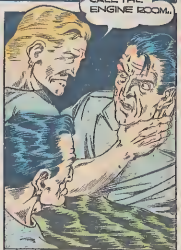
MEANWHILE IN THE SUBMARINE THE HUMAN BOMB IS WORKING ON THE RADIO SET....

U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA... 42° 51' NORTH... 85° 17' WEST... URGENT... SINKING FAST... TORPEDOED BY U-BOAT.



HA! HA! THAT SHOULD BRING THE NAVY AROUND!

CALL THE ENGINE ROOM...

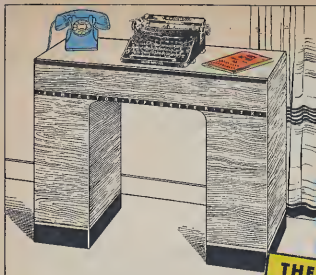


YEOWSAH! SAY, SAILOR WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT HUMAN BOMB FELLA!!

OH... HIM? ER... I DUNNO!!!



More of The Human Bomb in the next issue of POLICE COMICS.



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release, double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy is it to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 190-11
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about your 10c a day plan. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Get a **DAISY AIR RIFLE** WITH YOUR **Christmas** **Cash!**

LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!
Twist the magazine—pump in 1000 shots in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without reloading once!

**SHOOT
The Famous
DAISY 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE**

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEESINGER, INC., N. Y.

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!

These glimery golden-colored bands "round muscle on fore-piece look mighty pretty... shoot 'gold' in wood just as perfect for and West. You'll be proud of 'em!

SOME SIGHTS, PARTNER!

Raise the Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Small notch for target work—large for snap-shooting. The Golden-Colored frame sight reminds you of the Golden West!

CARBINE STYLE FORE PIECE!

Grab this husky, semi-carved, full length hand-hold—it's wood just "saags" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTING TAK'ET YOU BETCHUM!

AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!

Here's Little Beaver, Red Ryder and his horse "Thunder"

DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!

50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Beautifully "gold"-stamped jacket.

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—

Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At D. store.

MY BRAND ON STOCK!

Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. I'm proud to have my name on 'em, with my horse "Thunder" branded on the stock!

HANG ON GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE 'SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!

Follow RED RYDER—NEA sensational comic strip feature—in YOUR daily, Sunday paper.

RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY \$2.95

Duty added in Canada on all Rifles

DAISY CATALOG and RED RYDER'S SHOOTING MANUAL FREE!

Write quick for Free Daisy Catalog and Free OFFICIAL Red Ryder Shooting Manual. Learn to shoot the right way. Red Ryder shows you how! Write!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 400 UNION STREET, DEPT. 2, LYMMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.